Anne. Now forſooth, why do you ſtay me?
What would you with me?

Slen. Nay, for my owne part, I would little or nothing with you. I loue you well, and my Vncle can tell you how my liuing ſtands. And if you can loue me, why ſo. If not, why then happy man bee his dole.

Anne. You ſay well, Maſter *Slender*.
But firſt you muſt giue me leaue
To be acquainted with your humor,
And afterward to loue you if I can.

Slen. Why by God theres neuer a man in Chriſtendome can deſire more. What, haue you Beares in your Towne, Miſtreſſe *Anne*, your dogs barke ſo?

Anne. I cannot tell Maſter *Slender*, I think there be.

Slen. Ha, how ſay you? I warrant y'are afeard of a Beare let looſe, are you not?

Anne. Yes truſt me.

Slen. Now that's meate and drinke to me,
Ile run to a Beare, and take her by the muzzle,
You neuer ſaw the like.
But indeed I cannot blame you,
For they are maruellous rough things.

Anne. Will you go in to dinner, Maſter *Slender*?
The meate ſtayes for you.

Slen. No faith, not I, I thanke you,
I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meate
Nere ſince I broke my ſhin. Ile tell you how it came
By my troth. A Fencer and I plaid three venies
For a diſh of ſtewd pruines, and I with my ward
Defending my head, he hit my ſhin: yes faith.

Enter

Enter Maſter Page.

Page. Come, come Maſter *Slender*, dinner ſtaies for you.

Slen. I can eate no meate I thanke you.

Page. You ſhall not chuſe, I ſay.

Slen. Ile follow you ſir, pray leade the way.
Nay by God Miſtris *Anne*, you ſhall go firſt,
I haue more manners then ſo, I hope.

Anne. Well ſir, I will not be troubleſome.

Exit omnes.

Enter Sir Hugh and Simple from dinner.

Sir Hugh. Harke you *Simple*, pray you beare this letter to Doctor *Cayus* houſe, the French Doctor. He is twell vp along the ſtreete, and enquire of his houſe for one Miſtris *Quickly*, his woman, or his try Nurſe, and deliuer this Letter to her, it is about M. *Slender*. Looke you, will you do it now?

Sim. I warrant you ſir.

Sir Hugh. Pray you do, I muſt not be abſent at the grace.
I will go make an end of my dinner,
There is pepions and cheeſe behinde.

Exit omnes.

Enter Sir Iohn Falſtaffes Hoſt of the Garter, Nym, Bardolfe, Piſtoll, and the boy.

Fal. Mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Hoſt.